

WARSAW LIVELY WITH POLAND'S FATE IN BALANCE

Battle Line Only Thirty
Miles Away, People
Are Unconcerned.

WOUNDED MEN AND REFUGEES FILL CITY

Country Vast Graveyard—With-
out Coal, and Disease Epi-
demic Expected.

Warsaw, March 20.—The city of War-
saw, which is nearer to the actual
fighting zone than any other city of its
size in Europe, and which has lived for
months under the continued menace of
German occupation, wears the aston-
ishing aspect of a disinterested ob-
server for whom the fortunes of war
have but a casual interest. This is
the capital of the country whose sons,
almost equally divided, are fighting
half on the Russian and half on the
Austro-German side.

Warsaw is within thirty miles of
the front, persistent and apparently
unfettered German offensive against
which a large part of the entire Rus-
sian army has been massed, and is sub-
ject to all the ills which follow in the
wake of battle, such as dearth of pro-
visions, fuel, congestion and disor-
der.

The best farms and estates of the
country have been turned into vast
cattle grounds, her people are home-
less, and every day seems to
darken the prospect of that regen-
eration of the Polish people into an
independent nation which is the dream
of every Pole, whether he is a Russian,
German, or an Austrian subject.

Over a hundred thousand refugees,
have been thrown themselves upon the
city, and the various committees
which have been formed to relieve
the distress of the city, have brought
in the various known cases of
sufferers.

The cases have been promptly
relieved, and all who have been sub-
jected to the contagion have been dis-
sent into the country. Warsaw is at
present suffering from a lack of coal,
and the situation is becoming more
critical. The German invasion,
then, is entitled to a feeling of
alarm at the unwholesome stage
of the city, which, one reasons,
ought to be trembling on the verge of
catastrophe. The streets are gay with
laughter and song, the cafes are filled
with people at night, and the opera
and musical halls are full of people.

A serious index to see these audi-
ence giving way to the imaginary
melancholy of the actors on the stage
is the real trouble on the stage
melancholy of the actors. On the for-
mer German advance upon Warsaw,
the city approached within seven miles
of the city, one theatre continued its
performance without interruption,
while the booming of the enemy's guns
could be distinctly heard over the
noise of the actors.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

Club life goes on as usual. An
American correspondent was in the
rooms of the city, and the scene was
one of the most interesting of a recent
warplane raid. Four men were play-
ing auction bridge. Two bombs were
dropped, one within two hundred yards
of the club. Two of the men strolled
toward the window and watched the
two German Taubes volplane reck-
lessly from an altitude of about five
thousand feet to a distance of approxi-
mately two thousand feet, and westward,
with two Russian aeroplanes in close
pursuit. Russian shrapnel was directed
at the two German aeroplanes from a
distance of about five hundred yards.
The German aeroplanes were more
interested in their hands. The scene
was made more dramatic by the fact
that the gray bursts of smoke
fell harmlessly in the rear. The other
two men in the bridge game were more
interested in their hands.

PEACEFUL POSEN BASE OF GIANT GERMAN DRIVE

Field Marshal General von Hindenburg There Directs
His Stupendous Operations Against the
Czar's Troops and Warsaw.

Following is the first of a series of
articles by Mr. Bennett on the general
subject of "Into Russia with the Ger-
man Army."

By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT.

Posen, Germany, Feb. 18.—I suppose
that when most Americans say "Posen?"
Posen? What do I know about
Posen? The most they can remember
is the name of an old and not very
good play that flourished on the one-
night stands in our country twenty-
five or thirty years ago. It was called
"Sam'l of Posen," and its principal fig-
ure was for many seasons imperson-
ated by a Jewish actor who took the
name of M. B. Curtis, and who nearly
got himself hanged after a wild esca-
pade in California.

That was about all I knew of Posen
until I arrived here from Berlin.

The most important fact about the
city that I know now is that it is the
headquarters of his excellency the field
marshal, General von Hindenburg, and
that from it as a consequence the stu-
pendous operations against the Rus-
sians and Warsaw are being directed.
It is full of interesting people—Ger-
man generals, princes, dukes, corres-
pondents and painters and their wives.
It is also full of prospective Ameri-
can citizens of Polish-Jewish ex-
traction, and of pictures and busts of
Hindenburg. Prevalent, too, are the in-
fants Paderewski, who run pronounced
ly to hair and have temperamental
eyes.

In a fifteen minute walk through
the older part of Posen you encounter fifty
originals of David Warfield's Simon
Levi, and in the railway station you
other end of the railway you suddenly find
yourself looking into the quiet, specu-
lative eyes of the police of the German
secret service, who wonder why you
have come to Posen from Berlin—or
from anywhere else, and who in an
extremely velvet but definite way
make it their business to find out.

Arriving at Posen, you pass through
covered ways from the train into the
railway station, but you don't pass out
of the railway station until a soldier
has examined your passport and held
a brief conference with one of the
secret service men.

Cabs Quickly Taken.

By the time that is over the German
officers in uniform, who don't have to
show passports, have taken all the
cabs. So you stand in the outer yard
of the railway station and yell an in-
terrogatory "Frei?" until a cabman,
coming back from the Hotel de Rome
for his second fare, takes pity on you
and says "Jawohl, excellency." The
"excellency" is good for twenty pfen-
nigs extra in the cabman's tip, but is
the fare for a mile drive is only a
mark. Besides I like it, it being some-
what of an improvement on the Ameri-
can "Sure!"

Posen is the only town in the world
that I know about where you can see
an admirable performance of Goethe's
"Faust" one evening and then be on the
German battle line in Russia the next
evening.

Just now Posen is the headquarters
for all the forms of activity directed
against Russia. The brains are here—
under von Hindenburg's short pompa-
dour; the taciturn General Staff,
which works out the devices of that
brain—is around him, and here is the
principal point of departure for the
troops daily being sent eastward
into the little valleys and the wood-
lands lying between Bolimow and War-
saw.

Posen, in other words, is "the works."
On the wall of the breakfast room
of the Hotel de Rome hung a wooden
shield carved in high relief with a coat
of arms that seemed to me Russian,
and I could not understand why it was
displayed in this German city.

One of the cadets of the house of
Bismarck explained. "I noticed that
we were studying that coat of arms
on the wall of the breakfast room when
you arrived here yesterday morning,"
said he. "Naturally you were puzzled.
Well, I must tell you about it. You
see, one of our officers took it down
from the city hall of a Russian town
we had captured, and in a frivolous
mood he brought it back here and hung
it up in the breakfast room."

Phrase Sticks in Mind.

That phrase "in a frivolous mood"
has stuck in my mind; I don't know
just why.

Also, "in a frivolous mood" I sup-
pose, they have been hung on the walls
of the breakfast room pennants of red
and blue and green, bearing the dates
of the important German victories won
since the 1st of August—Liebig, Tan-
nenberg, Namur, Antwerp, Mauthagen,
and so on.

"I suppose Warsaw goes up next,"
said the cadet of the house of Bismarck,
as he gazed reflectively at the pennants
embroidered with oak leaves. "In the
mean time Posen has made ready for
eventualities that might cause its name
to 'go up' on Russian pennants of vic-
tory. It doesn't anticipate any such
eventualities, but, having been improv-
vised with German, the ancient that
Polish city has taken measures with
floods of its inhabitants of war. The
elderly Mrs. von Hindenburg have been
cleared of stately, and in its place rise ten-foot

pyramids of tinned meats and vegeta-
bles. All the plain to the east of Posen
has been cut up with an elaborate sys-
tem of entrenchments and outworks
connected by telephone and overlooked
by signal towers hidden amid the pine
trees. This work has been done most-
ly by a class of young Poles whose
idling habits were their peril. They are
well paid and are beginning to look
with a favorable eye upon toil as a
means of livelihood.

It is the feeling of the German popu-
lation of German Poland that on the
whole the Poles have shown very
good attitude toward the government in
this war, and the continued evidences
of that well disposed state of mind
please the Germans more than a vic-
tory does. The best proof that the
Poles are loyal and the Germans grate-
ful lies in the fact that the archbishop-
ric of Posen is now filled for the first
time in twenty-one years. When the
old Archbishop died the activities of the
Catholic party in German Poland were
of such a nature that the government
determined not to permit the filling of
the vacant post. For twenty-one years
the decision of a highly esteemed
Polish actress to appear at the German
controlled municipal theatre of Posen,
where she had never consented to act
before, and of the former is the re-
fusal of the people to buy an American
safety razor because they think it is of
English manufacture. The American
manufacturer of a hair tonic has been
cleverer than the razor man and has
put a picture of an American flag on
the wrappers of his product.

While German soldiers are stream-
ing out of Posen for the front, Rus-
sian soldiers are streaming in en
route to the prison camps in the in-
terior of Germany. At the main rail-
way station they were treated with
undoubted consideration.

One sees them marching down the
platform hugging the loaves of bread
which had been thrust into their
hands as they left the train. Under
one arm they carried their soup bowls.
When they lined up in front of the
train, the bowls were filled. Most of
the prisoners had lost their shoes and
had to drink the soup from the bowls.
When they had finished the first bowl
they stood before the hungry look still
in their eyes, but their minds uncertain
as to whether it was fitting to ask for
more. German men and women
who were doing Red Cross work at
the railway station, and who in an
extremely velvet but definite way
make it their business to find out.

Arriving at Posen, you pass through
covered ways from the train into the
railway station, but you don't pass out
of the railway station until a soldier
has examined your passport and held
a brief conference with one of the
secret service men.

Cabs Quickly Taken.

By the time that is over the German
officers in uniform, who don't have to
show passports, have taken all the
cabs. So you stand in the outer yard
of the railway station and yell an in-
terrogatory "Frei?" until a cabman,
coming back from the Hotel de Rome
for his second fare, takes pity on you
and says "Jawohl, excellency." The
"excellency" is good for twenty pfen-
nigs extra in the cabman's tip, but is
the fare for a mile drive is only a
mark. Besides I like it, it being some-
what of an improvement on the Ameri-
can "Sure!"

Posen is the only town in the world
that I know about where you can see
an admirable performance of Goethe's
"Faust" one evening and then be on the
German battle line in Russia the next
evening.

Just now Posen is the headquarters
for all the forms of activity directed
against Russia. The brains are here—
under von Hindenburg's short pompa-
dour; the taciturn General Staff,
which works out the devices of that
brain—is around him, and here is the
principal point of departure for the
troops daily being sent eastward
into the little valleys and the wood-
lands lying between Bolimow and War-
saw.

Posen, in other words, is "the works."
On the wall of the breakfast room
of the Hotel de Rome hung a wooden
shield carved in high relief with a coat
of arms that seemed to me Russian,
and I could not understand why it was
displayed in this German city.

One of the cadets of the house of
Bismarck explained. "I noticed that
we were studying that coat of arms
on the wall of the breakfast room when
you arrived here yesterday morning,"
said he. "Naturally you were puzzled.
Well, I must tell you about it. You
see, one of our officers took it down
from the city hall of a Russian town
we had captured, and in a frivolous
mood he brought it back here and hung
it up in the breakfast room."

Phrase Sticks in Mind.

That phrase "in a frivolous mood"
has stuck in my mind; I don't know
just why.

Also, "in a frivolous mood" I sup-
pose, they have been hung on the walls
of the breakfast room pennants of red
and blue and green, bearing the dates
of the important German victories won
since the 1st of August—Liebig, Tan-
nenberg, Namur, Antwerp, Mauthagen,
and so on.

"I suppose Warsaw goes up next,"
said the cadet of the house of Bismarck,
as he gazed reflectively at the pennants
embroidered with oak leaves. "In the
mean time Posen has made ready for
eventualities that might cause its name
to 'go up' on Russian pennants of vic-
tory. It doesn't anticipate any such
eventualities, but, having been improv-
vised with German, the ancient that
Polish city has taken measures with
floods of its inhabitants of war. The
elderly Mrs. von Hindenburg have been
cleared of stately, and in its place rise ten-foot

pyramids of tinned meats and vegeta-
bles. All the plain to the east of Posen
has been cut up with an elaborate sys-
tem of entrenchments and outworks
connected by telephone and overlooked
by signal towers hidden amid the pine
trees. This work has been done most-
ly by a class of young Poles whose
idling habits were their peril. They are
well paid and are beginning to look
with a favorable eye upon toil as a
means of livelihood.

It is the feeling of the German popu-
lation of German Poland that on the
whole the Poles have shown very
good attitude toward the government in
this war, and the continued evidences
of that well disposed state of mind
please the Germans more than a vic-
tory does. The best proof that the
Poles are loyal and the Germans grate-
ful lies in the fact that the archbishop-
ric of Posen is now filled for the first
time in twenty-one years. When the
old Archbishop died the activities of the
Catholic party in German Poland were
of such a nature that the government
determined not to permit the filling of
the vacant post. For twenty-one years
the decision of a highly esteemed
Polish actress to appear at the German
controlled municipal theatre of Posen,
where she had never consented to act
before, and of the former is the re-
fusal of the people to buy an American
safety razor because they think it is of
English manufacture. The American
manufacturer of a hair tonic has been
cleverer than the razor man and has
put a picture of an American flag on
the wrappers of his product.

While German soldiers are stream-
ing out of Posen for the front, Rus-
sian soldiers are streaming in en
route to the prison camps in the in-
terior of Germany. At the main rail-
way station they were treated with
undoubted consideration.

One sees them marching down the
platform hugging the loaves of bread
which had been thrust into their
hands as they left the train. Under
one arm they carried their soup bowls.
When they lined up in front of the
train, the bowls were filled. Most of
the prisoners had lost their shoes and
had to drink the soup from the bowls.
When they had finished the first bowl
they stood before the hungry look still
in their eyes, but their minds uncertain
as to whether it was fitting to ask for
more. German men and women
who were doing Red Cross work at
the railway station, and who in an
extremely velvet but definite way
make it their business to find out.

Arriving at Posen, you pass through
covered ways from the train into the
railway station, but you don't pass out
of the railway station until a soldier
has examined your passport and held
a brief conference with one of the
secret service men.

Cabs Quickly Taken.

By the time that is over the German
officers in uniform, who don't have to
show passports, have taken all the
cabs. So you stand in the outer yard
of the railway station and yell an in-
terrogatory "Frei?" until a cabman,
coming back from the Hotel de Rome
for his second fare, takes pity on you
and says "Jawohl, excellency." The
"excellency" is good for twenty pfen-
nigs extra in the cabman's tip, but is
the fare for a mile drive is only a
mark. Besides I like it, it being some-
what of an improvement on the Ameri-
can "Sure!"

Posen is the only town in the world
that I know about where you can see
an admirable performance of Goethe's
"Faust" one evening and then be on the
German battle line in Russia the next
evening.

Just now Posen is the headquarters
for all the forms of activity directed
against Russia. The brains are here—
under von Hindenburg's short pompa-
dour; the taciturn General Staff,
which works out the devices of that
brain—is around him, and here is the
principal point of departure for the
troops daily being sent eastward
into the little valleys and the wood-
lands lying between Bolimow and War-
saw.

Posen, in other words, is "the works."
On the wall of the breakfast room
of the Hotel de Rome hung a wooden
shield carved in high relief with a coat
of arms that seemed to me Russian,
and I could not understand why it was
displayed in this German city.

One of the cadets of the house of
Bismarck explained. "I noticed that
we were studying that coat of arms
on the wall of the breakfast room when
you arrived here yesterday morning,"
said he. "Naturally you were puzzled.
Well, I must tell you about it. You
see, one of our officers took it down
from the city hall of a Russian town
we had captured, and in a frivolous
mood he brought it back here and hung
it up in the breakfast room."

Phrase Sticks in Mind.

That phrase "in a frivolous mood"
has stuck in my mind; I don't know
just why.

Also, "in a frivolous mood" I sup-
pose, they have been hung on the walls
of the breakfast room pennants of red
and blue and green, bearing the dates
of the important German victories won
since the 1st of August—Liebig, Tan-
nenberg, Namur, Antwerp, Mauthagen,
and so on.

"I suppose Warsaw goes up next,"
said the cadet of the house of Bismarck,
as he gazed reflectively at the pennants
embroidered with oak leaves. "In the
mean time Posen has made ready for
eventualities that might cause its name
to 'go up' on Russian pennants of vic-
tory. It doesn't anticipate any such
eventualities, but, having been improv-
vised with German, the ancient that
Polish city has taken measures with
floods of its inhabitants of war. The
elderly Mrs. von Hindenburg have been
cleared of stately, and in its place rise ten-foot

pyramids of tinned meats and vegeta-
bles. All the plain to the east of Posen
has been cut up with an elaborate sys-
tem of entrenchments and outworks
connected by telephone and overlooked
by signal towers hidden amid the pine
trees. This work has been done most-
ly by a class of young Poles whose
idling habits were their peril. They are
well paid and are beginning to look
with a favorable eye upon toil as a
means of livelihood.

It is the feeling of the German popu-
lation of German Poland that on the
whole the Poles have shown very
good attitude toward the government in
this war, and the continued evidences
of that well disposed state of mind
please the Germans more than a vic-
tory does. The best proof that the
Poles are loyal and the Germans grate-
ful lies in the fact that the archbishop-
ric of Posen is now filled for the first
time in twenty-one years. When the
old Archbishop died the activities of the
Catholic party in German Poland were
of such a nature that the government
determined not to permit the filling of
the vacant post. For twenty-one years
the decision of a highly esteemed
Polish actress to appear at the German
controlled municipal theatre of Posen,
where she had never consented to act
before, and of the former is the re-
fusal of the people to buy an American
safety razor because they think it is of
English manufacture. The American
manufacturer of a hair tonic has been
cleverer than the razor man and has
put a picture of an American flag on
the wrappers of his product.

While German soldiers are stream-
ing out of Posen for the front, Rus-
sian soldiers are streaming in en
route to the prison camps in the in-
terior of Germany. At the main rail-
way station they were treated with
undoubted consideration.

One sees them marching down the
platform hugging the loaves of bread
which had been thrust into their
hands as they left the train. Under
one arm they carried their soup bowls.
When they lined up in front of the
train, the bowls were filled. Most of
the prisoners had lost their shoes and
had to drink the soup from the bowls.
When they had finished the first bowl
they stood before the hungry look still
in their eyes, but their minds uncertain
as to whether it was fitting to ask for
more. German men and women
who were doing Red Cross work at
the railway station, and who in an
extremely velvet but definite way
make it their business to find out.

Arriving at Posen, you pass through
covered ways from the train into the
railway station, but you don't pass out
of the railway station until a soldier
has examined your passport and held
a brief conference with one of the
secret service men.

Cabs Quickly Taken.

By the time that is over the German
officers in uniform, who don't have to
show passports, have taken all the
cabs. So you stand in the outer yard
of the railway station and yell an in-
terrogatory "Frei?" until a cabman,
coming back from the Hotel de Rome
for his second fare, takes pity on you
and says "Jawohl, excellency." The
"excellency" is good for twenty pfen-
nigs extra in the cabman's tip, but is
the fare for a mile drive is only a
mark. Besides I like it, it being some-
what of an improvement on the Ameri-
can "Sure!"

Posen is the only town in the world
that I know about where you can see
an admirable performance of Goethe's
"Faust" one evening and then be on the
German battle line in Russia the next
evening.

Just now Posen is the headquarters
for all the forms of activity directed
against Russia. The brains are here—
under von Hindenburg's short pompa-
dour; the taciturn General Staff,
which works out the devices of that
brain—is around him, and here is the
principal point of departure for the
troops daily being sent eastward
into the little valleys and the wood-
lands lying between Bolimow and War-
saw.

Posen, in other words, is "the works."
On the wall of the breakfast room
of the Hotel de Rome hung a wooden
shield carved in high relief with a coat
of arms that seemed to me Russian,
and I could not understand why it was
displayed in this German city.

One of the cadets of the house of
Bismarck explained. "I noticed that
we were studying that coat of arms
on the wall of the breakfast room when
you arrived here yesterday morning,"
said he. "Naturally you were puzzled.
Well, I must tell you about it. You
see, one of our officers took it down
from the city hall of a Russian town
we had captured, and in a frivolous
mood he brought it back here and hung
it up in the breakfast room."

Phrase Sticks in Mind.

That phrase "in a frivolous mood"
has stuck in my mind; I don't know
just why.

Also, "in a frivolous mood" I sup-
pose, they have been hung on the walls
of the breakfast room pennants of red
and blue and green, bearing the dates
of the important German victories won
since the 1st of August—Liebig, Tan-
nenberg, Namur, Antwerp, Mauthagen,
and so on.

"I suppose Warsaw goes up next,"
said the cadet of the house of Bismarck,
as he gazed reflectively at the pennants
embroidered with oak leaves. "In the
mean time Posen has made ready for
eventualities that might cause its name
to 'go up' on Russian pennants of vic-
tory. It doesn't anticipate any such
eventualities, but, having been improv-
vised with German, the ancient that
Polish city has taken measures with
floods of its inhabitants of war. The
elderly Mrs. von Hindenburg have been
cleared of stately, and in its place rise ten-foot

pyramids of tinned meats and vegeta-
bles. All the plain to the east of Posen
has been cut up with an elaborate sys-
tem of entrenchments and outworks
connected by telephone and overlooked
by signal towers hidden amid the pine
trees. This work has been done most-
ly by a class of young Poles whose
idling habits were their peril. They are
well paid and are beginning to look
with a favorable eye upon toil as a
means of livelihood.

It is the feeling of the German popu-
lation of German Poland that on the
whole the Poles have shown very
good attitude toward the government in
this war, and the continued evidences
of that well disposed state of mind
please the Germans more than a vic-
tory does. The best proof that the
Poles are loyal and the Germans grate-
ful lies in the fact that the archbishop-
ric of Posen is now filled for the first
time in twenty-one years. When the
old Archbishop died the activities of the
Catholic party in German Poland were
of such a nature that the government
determined not to permit the filling of
the vacant post. For twenty-one years
the decision of a highly esteemed
Polish actress to appear at the German
controlled municipal theatre of Posen,
where she had never consented to act
before, and of the former is the re-
fusal of the people to buy an American
safety razor because they think it is of
English manufacture. The American
manufacturer of a hair tonic has been
cleverer than the razor man and has
put a picture of an American flag on
the wrappers of his product.

While German soldiers are stream-
ing out of Posen for the front, Rus-
sian soldiers are streaming in en
route to the prison camps in the in-
terior of